

"I believe," she said, in horror-struck tones, "I believe that you have been smoking. ~~you—bad—boy!~~"

The reporter flushed. 'Twas only too true. So he changed the subject.

"Now Miss Gaston," he said, "can you tell how else besides writing the history of her life, Miss Everleigh—or is she Mrs.?—is helping you in your work."

"I am not at liberty to tell you," said Miss Gaston, stiffly.

"Well, my information," explained the reporter, "is that the Everleigh sisters asked you to help them open the old Everleigh Club, so recently closed by the mayor, as a rescue home for young girls."

"There was a long silence.

"I don't remember that," said Miss Gaston.

"But my information was direct," said the reporter.

"Well, there may have been some such talk," said Miss Gaston, "but I don't remember."

"Do you remember ever having talked or written to Arthur Burrage Farwell about such a suggestion of the Everleigh sisters?"

"No—o," said Miss Gaston, "I can't say I do. I got another whiff of your breath just now. I am perfectly sure you have been smoking. Do you know, young man, that smoking has ruined more young men than any other evil—"

But the reporter had fled—in the general direction of Arthur Burrage Farwell's office.

He found Farwell in a brown study, doubtless thinking up how he would attack the Demon Rum at his next meeting.

"Do you know where the Everleigh sisters are now?" asked the reporter.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Farwell, coming to life with remarkable speed. "I don't remem—b—er—what did you say?"

"I asked if you knew where the Everleigh sisters—you know, the one

who used to run the old Everleigh Club until they were run out of the city—are now?"

"Why—er—why did you ask?"

"I have information," said the reporter (Note: This is what a reporter always says in such cases.) "I have information that they want to turn the old Everleigh Club into a rescue home for young girls."

"Ah—hum—huh," remarked Farwell.

"Ever hear anything like that?" asked the reporter.

"Ah—hum—huh," said Farwell.

"You say you did hear such a thing?" persisted the reporter.

"Well, I don't remember," said Farwell.

"It is said that the Everleigh sisters have tried to interest several noted reformers in this scheme."

"Ah—hum—huh," said Farwell.

"It is said that you and Miss Lucy Page Gaston are among the number who have been considering it," suggested the reporter.

"I don't remember," said Farwell.

"It is said that they first approached Miss Gaston and that Miss Gaston took it up with you," went on the reporter, who felt he was taking too big a share in the conversation.

"I—don't remember," said Farwell.

"Did you ever speak to Miss Gaston about such a scheme?" asked the reporter.

"I can't seem to remember," said Farwell.

"No?" said the reporter. "Ever write to Miss Gaston about such a scheme?"

"I don't remember," said Farwell.

"It seems to me," he continued shortly, "that I have heard such a suggestion as that. In fact, that I made such a suggestion myself a long time ago."

"What?" gasped the reporter.

"Yes," said Farwell, frowning severely on the reporter's interruption. "It seems to me that I—er—I at one time suggested to a friend of the Everleigh sisters that it would be—